THE

MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE

(REGISTERED)

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Contents for July 1936.

		PAGE.
1.	The Temple Tower	i
2.	In Memoriam	1
3.	Fuss By R. H.	3
4.	*Our Hostel* By W. Fred Thomas IV U. C.	6
5.	A Plea for "Sociology" By M. S. Gopalakrishnan B. A. (old boy)	
6.	A never-to-be forgotten King By S. Meenakshisundaram II U. C.	11
7.	Believe it or Not or My Platonic Lover By S. Mahalingam II U. C.	13
8.	A Reply By A. R.	18
9.	*No ray of light* By G. Balasubrahmanyan VI A., A. R. H. S	21
10.	Kipling and Kiplingism By Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri	22
11.	Kuppu Mama By Daya Sagar II U. C.	25
12.	In Defence of Ethiopia By K. S. Venkatraman II U. C.	27
13.	Purandhar Das By P. P. Pichayya VI A., A. R. H. S.	29
14.	Notes	
15.	How the Movement goes.	VII

MESSAGES.

I trust that the Madura College and its magazine will have a new year of real progress, not only in numbers and circulation but in the cultural qualities of knowledge, discipline, taste and noble activity. I hope to meet you all during the year.

JAMES H. COUSINS.
Principal of the Theosophical College,
Madanapalli.

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Dr. Johnson said once in a memorable passage: "My dear Sir, clear your *mind* of cant. You may talk as other people do ....It is a mode of talking in society. But don't *think* foolishly." How much of our life is acting, mere make-believe! How much are we prone to use words and phrases which merely shine on our lips but do not touch the heart! Carlyle spent all his life in demanding sincerity. A cynic once said that Carly lepreached his gospel of silence in thirty stout volumes. Carlyle demanded sincerity even more than silence. In India there is the utmost need to- day to clear our *mind* of cant and to be sincere. The Madura College Magazine has been doing good work in that direction for the last five years. May it flourish long and serve the cause of Truth.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

ON THE TEMPLE TOWER

Our readers will be glad to know that Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan has very kindly agreed to be the Rector of our College for the year 1936—37. The Board of Management certainly deserves to be congratulated on its having procured the services and the inspiring guidance of one of the most brilliant sons of our land. To a college which is striving hard to hold aloft the banner of Indian culture and civilisation, the appropriateness of the choice cannot easily be exaggerated. Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan represents in himself all that is best in Indian thought—nay, he is an epitome of the Universal. Like Mathew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy" Sir S. Radhakrishnan should have been born

"Before this strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads overtaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife"

His reputation has crossed the seas and it is no wonder that even the University of Oxford threw open its ancient portals by appointing him as 'Spalding Professor of Eastern Religion and Ethics'. As a cultural ambassador of the East, he took England and America by storm. The welcome accorded to him in the United States of America was remarkable—it even rivalled the wonderful reception given to Swami Vivekananda in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. Though a philosopher, Sir S. Radhakrishnan is yet a man of action. In the words of Mr. Littlehailes, his regime as Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University was free from any philosophical character. Indeed, he is a paradox. He could talk of the idealistic view of life remaining at the same time a stern realist in the conduct of affairs. In brief he is a rare acquisition to our college. We hope under his able guidance the College will have a glorious future. May God grant our Rector a long life.

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The political situation of the world to day is in a melting pot. The fate of Abyssinia is almost sealed. Spain is passing through a crisis unheard of before; Italy is perhaps planning to carry civilisation and order into yet darker regions; Indeed what exactly is in the womb of time no political astrologer can properly forecast. At such a time when every nation is arming itself in the name of disarmament to fight out the neighbour, the proceedings of the world congress of Faiths held in London with the avowed object of establishing peace through universal fellowship come as a welcome relief. It is with pride we record that the most brilliant and captivating speech delivered before the congress was that of Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan. Rightly did he observe, " The world today with its increasing race of armaments is like a powder-magazine waiting for any casual lighted match to set it ablaze." There is no hope of progress and much less peace so long as the fundamental conditions of the present order—Economic exploitation, political injustice and racial discrimination are not altered. Religion is confused with certain fixed intellectual conceptions about God and the world an inner deposit of faith which we must defend from every breath of criticism. In brief scientific and philosophical truth is denied in order that theological error may survive. Real religion is free from idolatry and superstition, from Nationalism and Politics. It recognises that the African or the Asiatic has the same right as the European or the American to be an end to himself and to live so as to become all that he is capable of becoming. *A right relation to God can only be realised through a right relationship to other men.* In his own words " Fellowship of faiths which implies appreciation of other faiths is no easy indulgence of error and weakness or lazy-indifference to the issues involved. It is not the intellectuals' taste for moderation or the highbrow's dislike for dogma. It is not the politician's love for compromise or being all things to all men, nor is it simply a negative freedom from antipathies. It is understanding, insight, full trust in the basic reality which feeds all faiths and its power

to lead us to the truth. It believes in the deeper religion of the spirit which will be adequate for all people, vital enough to strike deep roots, powerful to unify each individual in himself and bind us all together by the realisation of our common condition and common goal". Religion is life, religion is love—it is far deeper than mere theology or morality. If only the representatives at the Congress of Faiths would carry this message to their respective homes, it could easily claim to have stolen a march over the League of Nations.

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One of the greatest drawbacks of our present educational system is the development of slave mentality. Our students exhibit this mentality both in the class room and outside. It is time that the causes of this unnatural development are examined in detail and remedies suggested. The atmosphere of our schools and colleges tends to encourage conservatism, compromise and not conviction and intelligent criticism. The aim is standardisation and no wonder the result is sterility. In schools and colleges, our students still subsist on second-hand knowledge, on quotations and criticisms. Naturally a vague feeling of helplessness seizes them. Again our students are prone to repeat catchwords and phrases without realising their subtle significance and emotion. Add to this, the art of passing the examinations dominates the entire breadth of education. Not only has this made the students the slaves of 'Notes' 'probable questions' and the whole lot of devices to get at a degree, but has also degraded the curricula, the time-table and the methods of teaching and inspection. Cringing for concessions has become the order of the day. The immediate need is to encourage the students to stumble and to succeed; to follow the path of trial and error. The only possible way to get our students out of this danger is to insist upon their making proper use of the cultural and historical associations of our institutions. It is hoped that the members on the staff will insist upon the students taking keen interest in these activities.

It is a pity that our educational authorities should have done next to nothing in the matter of bringing about a refinement in the manners of our students. It is a standing complaint that the students the moment they go out of the colleges are like fish out of water in their homes. The accusation brought against our students by the parents that they are often vain and snobbish is not altogether unfounded and sooner a reform is effected in this direction, the better for education. Is it not possible for men of light and learning in India to arrange for the establishment of an institution where lectures on demeanour and kindred subjects could be given? An organisation to teach the students the habits and traditions of good society should form part of the legitimate work of every college. Some of even the cardinal principles of good society are unknown to our students. " Never be inquisitive " is still a text-book maxim. Nothing is so ill-mannered as to question a person regarding private affairs But almost the first question that a student asks immediately after introduction, whether in the train or in the bus, is about one's salary, one's employment and one's family. Another equally important maxim is " be punctual". Punctuality, it is said, is the 'politeness of princes'. Our students have still to learn this noble virtue. Among other mannerisms are chewing betel leaves in the class, drumming with the fingers, singing and whistling, shaking the legs in a peculiar way and above all whispering to one before others. It is necessary for our students to realise that the name of their Alma mater" depends upon their manners in Society. 'A 'good manners society' will not be out of place in every one of the institutions in our land.

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The indifferent way in which several foreigners speak about India in their writings is often a subject-matter of criticism among us. Though the resentment itself is legitimate, it is however unfortunate that no attempt has been made to guide the foreigners who come to India to see and study her ancient

glories. As it is, when a foreigner comes into a leading city like Madura, Tanjore or Trichinopoly, he falls into the hands of an absolutely uncultured man calling himself a guide. The traveller, anxious as he is to be guided, follows him. He is practically at his mercy. The guide with a view to interest the foreigner, fabricates entertaining and amusing stories about our temples, gods and tanks. Not having any knowledge to fall back upon, it would be very dlfficult to expect the guide to explain the symbolism of Indian Art or the chronological background of our temples to the foreigner. At the outset it might appear a trifle. But when it is realised that many of these foreigners translate the ideas gathered in India into writing, the magnitude of the disaster can more easily be imagined than explained. The reputation of the country itself is at stake. We wonder why every city of importance should not have a panel of qualified guides. Numerous are the unemployed graduates in every city. The creation of such a panel would, besides giving a remunerative employment to the graduates, also save the glory of our nation. The foreigners, by the way, pay the guides very heavily. Will our municipalities take steps immediately to prevent the perpetuation of this 'unseen harm?'

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A "sound" library printed on ordinary paper at a cost of a few pence a record, has been rendered possible by an invention which was demonstrated recently at Thames House, London. Music, foreign languages, and political speeches can all be recorded—if necessary—on ordinary newsprint. A minute light beam, falling on the page as it revolves on a metal drum, takes the place of the traditional gramophone needle, so that the apparently frail record should show no deterioration with use. Successive sound tracks are printed side by side at about ten stripes to the inch. The result is that nearly 300 feet of "sound track" giving a "run" of from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 minutes, can be printed on a sheet measuring 17 inches by 20 inches. The "scanning" apparatus used in reproduction makes use of

of the photo—electric cell, which is also the basis of television The changing electric current from the photo—electric cell is fed direct to an ordinary radio receiver. With the method, as at present developed, it is claimed that all sound frequencies. within a range of 16 to 7,000 cycles can be recorded, the present limit for general production being about 5,000 cycles a second.

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God make me a man—
Give me strength to stand for right
When other folks have left the fight.
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he wills he can.
Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind, and not the base.
Make me sincere in word and deed,
Blot out from me all sham and greed.
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active, self control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play.

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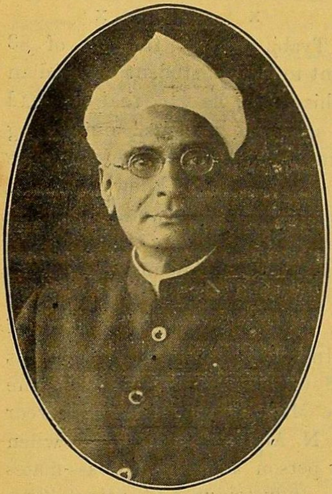
It is easy enough to be pleasant when
Life flows by like a song. But the man
Worth-while is the man who'll smile
When every thing goes dead wrong.
The test of the heart is the trouble
That always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth
All the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

IN MEMORIAM

(Since the publication of the last issue of our Magazine, several eminent sons of our land have been snatched away from our midst by the unseen hand of God. And the sympathies of each one of us go in full measure to the members of their bereaved families).

By the death of Rao Sahib C. V. Krishnaswami Aiyer, Rector of our college for the year 1935-36, the college has lost one of her most valued supporters. The ties that bound the late Mr. Krishna swami Aiyer to the college were at once personal and tender. Little did we imagine when he was with us six months back to deliver the Rectorial address that his end was so near. The address still stands as a monument to his wisdom and scholarship. Varied were his activities in our presidency. He threw himself heart and soul into the work of many institutions devoted to the uplift of the country. His one endeavour was to make Hinduism a live thing. In matters of social reform, he did not belong to the type of people who feel that there was nothing to be learnt from our ancient literature. In brief, the late Mr. C. V. Krishnaswami Aiyer was a dynamic personality. It was impossible for him to be a member of any organisation without leaving an impress of his own. Irreparable indeed is the loss sustained by the college. May his soul rest in peace!



OUR RECTOR

We deeply mourn along with millions of our country men, the passing away of Dr. M. A. Ansari. The shock caused by the news of his tragically sudden end has been so great that the country has not yet recovered from it. The death of Dr. Ansari at a time when we are on the eve of a New Constitution is nothing short of a national calamity. Like a true Doctor he knew what was at the root of the Hindu-Muslim problem. He strived hard to bring about an abiding settlement. Towards this end he founded the 'Jamia Millia' and to our mind no tribute can be greater than willing and generous support to this noble national institution.

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That the late Abbas Saheb Tyabji even at the age of 83 died literally in harness is evident to every student of Indian affairs. Just a few days before his death, he said that he had begun to feel the effects of old age—the principal one being that he might no more be able to do much active work and he would often fret with disappointment. He knew that the Peace of God which passeth all understanding would soon be upon him. Like Abu Ben Adhem he was happy to go down in God's Book as lover and servant of his fellow-men.

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In the death of Mr. V. A. Nagasami Aiyer B. A., staff officer of the Imperial Bank of India at Madras, the college has lost one of its well-placed Old Boys. He was a student of the Setupati High School and of the Madura College. His career was a meteoric one. Mr. V. A. N. Aiyer was barely 39 when he died and was almost the only person among his class-mates to rise to such a high position. Industrious and painstaking, he easily won the appreciation of his superiors. In his death the *alma mater* has lost a brilliant old student and his class mates an affable and jolly companion. Our sympathies go to the bereaved widow and children.

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It is also our painful duty to record the death of Mr. J. Alwar (IV U.C.) whom our readers will remember as one of our best and most quiet-going students ; he was a prominent member of the College Union. We extend to his family our deep sympathy in their bereavement.

FUSS

BY R. H.

THACKERAY'S Book of Snobs brings home the conviction to all of us who have perused that incomparable work that no one can escape being a snob. Snobbery is, in other words. one of the characteristics of civilized humanity, and could we see the yet uncivilized portion of mankind, perfectly at home in his native wilds, we should probably discover that there are savage snobs as well as civilized ones. Fuss is a characteristic —if not so general as snobbism—sufficiently widespread as to deserve a word of notice; and it is against Fuss in some of its most flagrant, and objectionable manifestations that I wish to say a few words. Fuss, to define it, is false enthusiasm; or, when genuine, misplaced enthusiasm. In any case, to fuss is to make much of what is essentially little, or to exaggerate that which already looms large enough in the horizon of all sensible people. To be fussy is to be vulgar! Like the quality of Mercy it is double edged; but unlike Mercy it debases him that makes a fuss and him that is fussed about. It is not a manly attribute, and no self-repecting woman makes a fuss or welcomes it. Fuss deceives no one! Like the Augurs of old—the person who makes a fuss and the person who is the object of the fuss made—are both aware of the humbug they are consenting to; and if they—unlike their ancient prototypes-repress the mutual smile when they meet, they certainly smile when alone and strive to believe that each has succeeded in humbugging the other. History teems with instances of fuss made about potentates, and great men of sorts, at which, we, more prosaic, matter-of-fact people of the Nineteenth Century, smile. Notwithstanding that we now-a-days, are infinitely more moderate than our forefathers in this respect, the worshippers of Fuss are still legion. Mark Twain's cynical aphorism—"when in doubt tell the truth" is only applicable to those people who habitually lie—and hypocrites of all kinds practically adopt the motto—" When insincere make a fuss". The fuss made may not deceive any one, but it is a veneer which serves to conceal what is just below the surface; it is that half truth which is baser than a falsehood.

The fussy man likes Fuss:! He makes of it a fetish at whose shrine he offers incense in his turn. If he is one of those little great men so common in this land of bureaucrats, and bumptious nobodies,—Native or European—he requires a lot of fuss to be made. He loves to be greeted with addresses and adulation; with flower-garlands and nosegays; with low salaams and tinselled limes; with music and dancing girls—to do him honour. He is perfectly aware that, were it not for the position he occupies, and the power he exercises, not one of those who help to swell the chorus of his welcome, would notice him; but he determines that, as long as he is what he is, to make it unmistakably manifest that fuss delighteth him, and that the absence of it is gall and bitterness to his soul. To do this person justice, it is but right to assert that in his turn, he is only too ready to perform the POOJAH of fuss to HIS little deities—and he does it to perfection.

There are fuss makers of all kinds! There is the man who makes a fuss over his moral sensibilities and publicly asserts his inability to assimilate a gnat. This is the man one often suspects of achieving the more difficult feat of swallowing a camel—in private. History gives us a remarkable example of such a man, who made a fuss of religious doubts to furnish himself with a charming young wife in place of an old one, in the person of Henry VIII of England. A whole people sometimes loses its sense of the due proportions of every-day things and makes a fuss. Like hysteria in a badly managed girls school, fuss is sometimes contagious. For example some man or woman, in no respect worse than his or her neighbours, who have committed similar crimes or misdemeanours, is sometimes made a scape goat to bear all the sins of all the rest. The Press fusses over him, the pulpit fusses over him, the platform fusses over him, and the people generally fuss over him till a new excitement attracts their attention; and after this cleansing of the public conscience, so to speak, that elastic register of misdeeds continues to register infinitely greater crimes than the one protested against so publicly in calm resignation to the

inevitable, till another periodical in a fit of ultra-morality stretches it on the rack once more. But to turn to individuals, another kind of fuss maker is the would-be-valetudinarian, who is unspeakably apprehensive of droughts and afraid of the Sun and is sure that unfiltered water is overflowing with venomous organisms. It is uncomfortable to meet such a man in a railway carriage or at a refreshment room. He fusses at everything and makes his companions miserable. He scents enteric fever in the soda-water, and regards the milk and the butter as provocatives of cholera. This kind of fussy man is generally as able-bodied as Goliath of Gath and his imagined liability to disease is purely suppositious. Then again, there is the domestic fussy man who makes the life of his wife, or his house-keeper, a burden too heavy to be borne. He potters about the house, and to the detriment of his legitimate work fusses over trifles light as air, and rejoices to believe that if it were not for his interference the domestic world would cease to revolve on its axis. This characteristic is visible in all that he undertakes to accomplish and habitually fails to achieve by reason of his fussiness.

Quite a different specimen of the Fuss is the obituary fuss-maker, who, no sooner a very ordinary public man shuffles off his mortal coil—or a friend, for whom he in life evinced no special regard joins the great majority, takes it into his head to raise a memorial to perpetuate the noble actions of the deceased. He rushes off with a subscription list and is surprised to discover that the dear departed is, probably, not known to some of the persons he solicits help from to establish a memorial. Not that the obituary fuss-maker, in his heart of hearts cares a jot more for the deceased than others, but fuss conceals his insincerity, and apparently gives him some kind of satisfaction, and he promptly goes about seeking whom he may devour.

The one characteristic, common to all shades and degrees of fuss, is selfishness. To the uninitiated and the in-

exprienced, it may sometimes appear that the fussy man makes a fuss on behalf of another. But close analysis will always reveal the cloven foot of the egoist and disclose the spurious altruism which appears on the surface. It may here be objected that every one of us is an egoist, and that selfishnsss is the ruling MOTIF in life. This may be so; and yet it cannot be doubted that altruism is a factor which greatly neutralizes the egoistic feeling. But with the fuss-maker, there is no question of altruism. The fuss is only a cloak to conceal a hideous egoism, and that is why I say that fuss is invariably self-interest in some shape or other—and self-interest alone. "A pretty woman", says the poet, " is ever a welcome guest"—but a distinctly fussy woman, even if as beautiful as Urvasi, is not a joy for ever, and soon discovers that she is generally avoided. One evil consequence of unemployment is, it has swelled the ranks of the Fuss makers.

Our Hostel stands happy and gay
Amidst a grove of greeny trees;
Contented lodgers frankly say
Madura's choicest place is this.

Clusters of boughs do all day long
Shading the Sun so deep and fine,
But not unkindly masking moon
For milder shine they perm't among.

Water taps worn out as they are
A double purpose do they serve;
Their early morning loud hissing
Make 'lazy ones busy' rising;
And gen'rously all garden water
So gard'ner's absence makes no matter.

Profuse in music we abound:
The distant noisy creaking Mill
And near workshop' tinkling sound
School children's voice pleasanter still.

A better resort for happy life,
Madura City none could pay;
For after all our view of life
Make every day a morn of May.

—W. FRED THOMAS.
(IV U. C.)

A PLEA FOR "SOCIOLOGY"

An escape from the World Chaos*

BY

M. S. Gopalakrishnan (old boy).

"Few will deny that the world is in a state to provoke the laughter of the gods". The rapid progress of the Physical sciences at the cost of the Social sciences is responsible for the impending disaster. The only remedy lies, therefore, in the development of the much neglected social sciences.]

Our civilization is at once top-heavy and lop-sided largely due to the fact that while the Physical sciences still advance, the biological sciences limp painfully behind. Psychology, Economics, Politics and Jurisprudence still remain unexplored. "They are regions in which Chaos still reigns, yet regions which must be reduced to order, if our civilization is to endure".

The grounds of the lop-sided state of our sciences are, first, the physical sciences are easier. For researches in the field of the Physical sciences, only relatively short preparation is required. The voluminous literature of the social sciences, on the other hand is a veritable jungle with neither guidance nor landmarks. Secondly, much prestige accrues to the physical sciences by reason of their benefits to humanity, because of their obviousness to the man in the street. The backwardness of the biological and human sciences is in a large measure due to the opposition of the Churches. For instance, Darwin's theory of evolution is forsooth irreligious! Added to all these, the tacit acceptance of the mechanistic account of the world has stunted any biological research; and, like a dark cloud, has impressed and oppressed the public mind. Despite these mis-apprehensions, J. S. Haldane observes: "Physical science cannot describe biological phenomena so that its claim to represent objective reality cannot be admitted". Further, log-rolling is a favourite pastime with the scientists, so much so that their faults are easily covered. And, above all, "nothing succeeds like success".

Mc.Doughal : world chaos

But the brilliant successes of these science are nails driven into the coffin of the world. Ere the worst should happen, we must try to avert the calamity. Physical energy has vastly substituted muscular energy and thus increased the population of the world. It has made a necessity of conveniences and luxuries. Mass production often marks the rise and fall of nations. It produces "Technological unemployment". The discovery of poison gases and new devices of destroying humanity are daily and hourly progressing. War-clouds seem to hover low. At such a time, if nations refrain from fighting and believe that the faults cannot be mended on the battle-field, it is because they have rare moments of sanity. "Armed with knowledge, they may not fight with guns".

To-day, tradition is not respected. Thanks to the quick means of transportation, peoples of different traditions blend; and those traditions destroy one another by mutual attrition. There comes the rub. Crime, Corruption and open defiance of law and authority are the immediate consequences of the moral turpitude, which is itself the result of disregard of moral traditions. Democracy degenerates into dictatorship. The League of Nations and other international associations are little better than nonentities. It is for humanity to judge if the discovery of the air-ships is not an instrument of destruction divinely sent to man for self-extinction. What is more, despite the high efficiency of our productive powers, poverty is a crying evil. Says Mr. Chase, "After mechanized warfare, the bitterest thing in modern life is unemployment". Wigglesworth observes: "Finance, religion, commerce, custom and the methods of life are all in the melting-pot and we are grappling in darkness". We live, therefore, in an age of grave social disregard and threatening CHAOS, which is due to the lop-sided development of our sciences. We need, now more than ever, advancement in the field of the Social sciences, with their foundations on a sound psychology. Psychology is bound to be a chaos so long as the Universities are indifferent to the fact that "the proper study of mankind is man".

It is the same case with Economics also. "The supreme test of a science is its power of prediction". *Unfortunately, however,* the predictions of economists are almost always wrong. Why, even while explaining after the event, there is but a chaos of opinions. "And when recommending for economic betterment, we find chaos raised *to then*th power". Irving Fisher announced that the market was not inflated; stock prices were not too high; that the current predictions of heavy reactions against securities found little foundation in fact. *On the following day,* the stock-market broke;..............." Moreover the so-called iron-laws of economics are unworkable, since they omit to take into consideration the imponderables, the human passions and interests. There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so. If in the Lap of Plenty, we starve, it is because of an artificially-fostered want.

Chaos is also the just outcome of demoralization due to idleness and unemployment. Business is the product of human effort. In Adam Muller's view, the state was an aggregate of human affairs. It was a moral community. It is to be inferred, then, that when conditions are bad and men are without work, the malady is plain ignorance.

Economics, then, is a chaos; it but confuses us and throws dust in our eyes. "It is fast degenerating into jurisprudence or even mere book-keeping". Should it answer to the clarion-call of to-day, it shall have frankly to recognize the rich complexity of human motives, of economic, political and social activities". Its laws shall express "purposive, functional inter-relations". No mere citation of optimism, no lip service to ideals and no crude rule-of-thumb methods will suffice.

Miserably enough, it is the same story with politics, jurisprudence and other social sciences. Politicians and law-givers express themselves in cloudy and vague ways. When Nationalism and Internationalism are considered as mutually exclusive alternatives, the insanity of man is beyond compre-

hension. If, then, the impending extinction of the human race is to be averted, if we do not desire to be hoisted in our petard, if civilization is to improve or even endure, the Universities will have to make strenuous efforts in the direction of the development of the social sciences. Then, and only then, can the world-wide calamity, shortly to overtake us, be in a manner triumphed over.

A village in Yugoslavia has asked a man to walk on their roads, in order to save them the cost of hiring a steam-roller. The man is Andrija Buntich, of Blizantzi, Yugoslavia. He weighs over 23 Stone, is just under 7 feet high and is known as "Roller" to his friends. "Where 'Roller" sits, the grass won't grow" is a well-known local saying.

No better testimony to the nutritive and health-giving value of *unpolished rice* can be cited than the declaration by the Ceylon Health authorities that the ravages of malaria last year were due principally to the people's deficient diet which consisted mainly of imported polished rice from Burma and other parts of India, and that they should depend more upon the handpounded rice produced in the Ceylon villages.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN KING

BY

S. Meenakshi Sundaram, II U. C.

The credit of producing a most remarkable and glorious king like King Bhoja Raja (1018-1060) goes to the Paramara dynasty. King Bhoja Raja the Great was a most generous and cultured king. In his case, the word 'great' becomes 'great'. From every point of view, he appears to have been the mightiest king. He is comparable to Kalidasa in Poetry, to Sankaracharya in Philosophy, to Akbar in tolerance, to Allauddin in might and to Harshavardhana in liberality. King Bhoja was more famous than Asoka himself. No doubt, Asoka typifies ideal kingship but he was not free. Asoka was a great man rather than a great king. He had no army at all. King Bhoja was not only a great king but also a good fighter and conqueror.

Himself a great scholar and a great patron of literature his court was adorned by the most famous poets of his times. Several works are attributed to Bhoja who seems to have written 104 works in appreciation of 104 temples. Bhoja was the Crown of all poets. According to one tradition, the nine gems lived in the court of Bhoja. We are greatly interested in the beautiful, entertaining and interesting Philosophic poems of King Bhoja Raja.

Being an excellent administrator, Bhoja was always anxious to please the people and he adjusted his administration according to the opinion of the people. We have got several stories connected with his love of justice. At night times, he would go out in disguise in order to study public opinion about his administration. King Bhoja is extolled by a writer as follows:-

"Bhoja Raja was a king without a rival, a hero who caused the best man to tremble. He who resembled King Prithu possessed the earth upto Kailasa upto Malaya Hills, and upto the mountain of the setting and the rising Sun. He scattered

in all directions the weighty crowd of supporters of the earth, easily up-rooted them with the shaft of his bow and gave highest joy to the earth. He accomplished, ordered, gave and knew what was not in the powers of anybody else; what other praise can be given to the illustrious Bhoja, the poet-king".

From the above facts, we can find that Bhoja was a great conqueror, an excellent administrator and a great patron of Literature. Bhoja Raja the Great was really a wonder of Creation.

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Science has long been fighting battles for the sightless, and its latest contribution to their comfort is an electrical contrivance by which they can read any ordinary newspaper print straightaway. A book or newspaper is placed in the newly invented machine which gradually moves it so that each line of print passes beneath a microscope. The magnified letters are thrown up upon a photo-electric cell which converts them into electrical impulses. The blind reader simply sites comfortably at the machine, his fingers resting upon the attached desk. On the top of the desk the impulses are registered and the reader can translate them with ease.

ooo ooo ooo ooo

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once nut a like you.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

OR

"MY PLATONIC LOVER"

BY

S. Mahalingam, II U. C.

But every bit of what I am going to narrate is truth and nothing but truth.

The romance—the only romance in my life—happened when I was in my sweet seventeen, swimming gloriously into my lovely womanhood.

I was the darling of my parents, the pride of my village. My father was not certainly born with a silver spoon in his mouth; he earned enough to make both ends meet—nay—to keep a decent table and put up a decent show. Being an only child, I was petted and fondled, and was always allowed to have my own way. I was the little tyrant who ruled the house.

Nature blessed me with bewitching beauty—dazzling loveliness—the invincible weapon that conquers even an anchorite's heart. My loveliness grew with years

I don't want to describe how I became the wife of a plutocrat of Madras. Suffice it to say that, hearing of my great personal graces, he came, saw and conquered my parents, annexing me to his other possessions. On the eve of our marriage, he expressed a desire that I should be taught to talk English fluently. Need I tell that my father too was willing.

Accordingly, an English Tutor, the son of a close friend of my father, was appointed to teach me English. He had just returned from the Metropolis after his Degree Examination. Many a day, he and I had played in our childhood on the village lawn, like Enoch and Annie, to our endless delight.

He had three months to spare for me; I couldn't spare him more, for, I had become as ripe as a Kulu pear and the call from husband to enter upon my wedded life might come any time after the period.

My lessons went on swimmingly for two and a half months. As the last day was drawing nearer and nearer, I could perceive a strange, unaccountable uneasiness and troubled look stealing over his handsome countenance. He who was wont to play a thousand pranks with me for my innocent diversion and take pleasure in my company became more and more moody. The light in his lovely eyes was fast dying. I couldn't, then, divine his malady. I questioned him twice or thrice, but he remained reticent.

One day, after the lessons were over, he asked me:

"Raji, when does our idyll come to an end?"

I couldn't understand him, but looked askance. He then added that I had made satisfactory progress which would stand me in good stead in the next phase of my life, and that he would give the finishing touches in the next two days. The morrow came and at the appointed time in the evening my lessons were begun. But I could clearly discover that he was not his usual self. Something he was battling with—something he was suppressing with all his might. I could hardly have believed that he was capable of such blunders in his teaching as he had committed that day.

The last day—the one ever memorable to me—came. The lessons were begun calmly. But the surging storm in him was gathering force, and abruptly, looking into my face wistfully, he said, "Raji I am going to tell you my secret—the secret that is preying upon my soul. My heart is heavy with it. I must unburden my soul; else never can I have again the sweet repose of slumber!"

So saying, without even waiting for my reply, he seized the slate—I used a slate on these occasions—and wrote on it three words, words which have never left my mind ever since, in the charming language he was helping me to matter. Then fleet as a fawn, he vanished from the study before I could read the revelation.

As soon as I woke up from the trance in which the statling secret held me, I rubbed out the words on the slate. Agitated, I stood up in front of the large looking-glass in the room about me. I saw my father striding silently towards me, with a letter in his hand. He accosted me, his face wreathed in happy smiles :

"Today week, my dear, you will be in your husband's house; this letter is from him." Soon recollecting that I was alone in my study he asked,

"Where is your friend? We must thank him for his priceless services."

Tremulously I replied, "He has just left me." I couldn't trust myself to say more. Little suspecting what hath taken place only a minute ago, he bent his steps towards his house to pour forth a father's gratitude!

His secret oppressed me. I confided in no soul. I had no peace of mind. I passed a restless night. The day broke, and I learnt from my father that he had left the village - for our good, no doubt - for some far off land in quest of the Muses. The nights that followed fared no better. The evenings appeared incomplete and bereft of joy without *him* and *our* lessons. For the first time I felt a void in my soul.

The scene changes. Years have rolled by. I am now the proud mother of a couple of children. I have passed the meridian of my life; I am wealthy; yet something tells me that my happiness is not complete.

My husband allows me the fullest freedom. In the evenings I sit on the marina with the little breakers washing my feet unceasingly.

One evening I was sitting in my usual place. My children were playing on the sands, just within hail. The deep was moaning with many voices. The full orbed Moon was just emerging from her bath in the eastern sea and, slowly climbing, shed her silvery beams over the enchanting scene. When I was drinking deeply from the cup of delight Nature so hospitably offered to my thirsty soul, I could spy in the distance the approaching figure of a gentleman, clad in the latest fashion. I sat spell-bound, following with my eyes, his advancing form. He was evidently so self—absorbed that he seemed to have no eyes for the world around him. I tried to pluck up courage and leave the place, but alas! I couldn't. Retreat was impossible, for the gentleman had come too close to me. We recognized each other. How can I describe the feelings of pain and pleasure I could read in his face! My heart was on the verge of breaking. He hesitated, but only for a moment.

Advancing and extending his hand which in spite of my better feelings I could not but take, he said in a tremulous voice, full of emotion,

"Excuse me! I didn't expect to meet you here, Raji. It is years since we parted—how? You know well. Will you forgive me for that evening?"

The touch of his hand thrilled me; my heart throbbed audibly; speech was denied me.

He went on: "Raji dear, I know I shouldn't address you thus—say, you forgive me. I promise you will never see me again."

A pearly tear was starting in my eye. He noticed it quickly and divined its eloquence.

Dropping on his knees, he cried like an animal wounded, "Raji, please forgive me. Try however I may, thy dear lovely image will never leave my mind.........But tell me, are you happy in your wedded life?"

I couldn't contain myself. In a voice almost dying, I articulated, "Do you remember *that* evening? Let me hear from thy lips......"

"Those three dear words," he completed the sentence for me. "I wrote '*I love you*'; still do I love you. I will love you as long as the spark of life lasts. I will be constant to you till my death. Nothing can prevent me from loving you. As God is my witness my love is holy and pure. But tell me what were your feelings then, dear?"

He was trembling with emotion. My hands were firmly grasped in his. His words were balm to my aching soul.

Looking into his face, I murmured, "I am ever thy slave!" I felt his warm breath fanning my cheeks and his lips touching mine. This new- found happiness was too much for me. I closed my eyes.

When I awoke from my second trance, I found myself alone. The silvery rays of the Moon were playing innocently upon the never-ending waves. The dear image of him who had stolen my heart was fast disappearing in the distance. Our love for each other had become platonic!

A REPLY *

By A. R.

Under the heading "A Philosophical Inquiry", Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Ayyar, B. A., M. R. A. S., inquires how the three systems of Philosophy, viz., Advaita, Visishtadvaita and Dvaita, 'react on a Hindu's religion as he practises it, on a Hindu's life as he lives it, and what answers each offers to world's problems that confront him in this land of ours today'. In the first place, we should strive to understand precisely the meaning and place of religion in the evolution of man. Humanity is, in spite of set backs here and there, and now and then, steadily evolving, as a general survey of human history shews. We see around us in this world men and races on different levels of evolution, savage, semi—civilised and civilised; and amongst civilised men we have representatives of ordinarily civilised and also others who rise to different levels of extra-ordinary Power, Wisdom, and Altruistic Love reaching wonderful heights. Religion also has appeared in higher and higher forms to suit this evolving Humanity, as the history of Religion shows. The fetichism of the savage, the conception of God or of a God as angry, jealous or avenging, a Deity desiring propitiation by ceremonies, offerings, sacrifices and worship, failing which dire distress awaits the erring man, the conception of God as an extra-cosmic God of beneficence delighting in rewarding His votaries who offer praise and worship unto Him, and the realisation of Him as a Being immanent in the Universe around us and within us and extending beyond, illustrate the different stages through which the world's religions of the past and the present have passed and are passing. The principle of immanence of God presupposes that man, however poorly he may express the Divinity within Him, by his external form, life, and actions towards the outer world, is nevertheless in his innermost being a spark of the Divine flame and in consequence has the inevitable potentiality to blaze forth as the Parent Flame as he marches towards the Goal.

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* Vol. 5 No. 7 Page 187

Religion in its various forms as it has passed through several evolutionary stages from animism and fetichism, to the stage of the great Religions of the modern world, is intended to help the Evolving man to recognise more and more his real Self, and reach his goal. As man has triple aspects of his nature, i. e., as he acts, knows and feels, he must needs be helped in the evolution of his triple nature along the Path of Action, Path of Knowledge, and Path of Devotion (Karma marga, Gnana marga and Bhakti marga). As man functions in a physical body as well as other subtler bodies to express his powers of action, feeling and knowing, religion is intended to purify, strengthen and develop these several bodies, so that he may function more effectively through them. As man's physical life on earth is only a portion of his whole life on earth as well as other subtler worlds, and as these different portions of his whole life are interrelated, religion is intended to help him in utilising advantageously that portion of his life on earth, so that the other portions of his life after death may be fruitful to him. For the above purposes in every great religion are prescribed rituals, ceremonies and sacraments, code of conduct, system of ethics and discipline of life etc., for the benefit of its votaries, through its literature including its scriptures, its traditions and the teachings of its great leaders and exponents, and each religion imparts its own distinct help for their evolution along the different paths of Karma, Gnana and Bhakti in their innumerable permutations and combinations. As man is a social animal and works in association with his fellowmen along political, social, cultural, artistic and other lines, every great religion makes its own distinctive contribution along these lines to help and enrich him. Therefore, religion, as its root meaning indicates, helps to bind its believer to a particular path or paths in order to help him just as a child is helped to write along two parallel lines in his copy book or a Railway train to run smoothly on two parallel steel rails. While Religion gives its help in these different ways to guide and help the individual, philosophy appeals to his reason by giving a rational basis for the different teachings taught and injunctions prescribed by

religion. For, as man rises in knowledge, he naturally becomes averse to believe blindly or by blind faith, but seeks the 'why' and the 'wherefore' not only of his nature and existence but also of the several teachings of his religion. There are three philosophical systems in Hinduism or Sanatana Dharma. They are called Advaita, or Monism, Visishtadvaita or qualified Monism, and Dvaita or Dualism. But these systems are not confined to Hindu Religion alone. All the great religions of the world, in one or other of their characteristics, can be classified underone or other of these philosophical systems. For each great religion in a particular aspect can be said to be a concrete or *arithmetical* illustration of one of these systems which can be regarded as abstract or *algebraical* formula illustrating it. Islam and Christianity can be conceived as an illustration of Dvaita or Visishtadvaita while Buddhism can be said to be a presentation of Advaita. Atma or Spirit in man though identical in its nature with the Divine Spirit or Paramatma in the Universe, yet is not identical with it in manifestation. For, the one is limited in its power, wisdom and love while the Other is unlimited. These contrary qualities of identity and non-identity cannot be conceived by concrete mind at one and the same time but can only be grasped by intuition or realisation transcending concrete mind. The human mind in its lower reaches emphasises human spirit as different from God or the Divine Spirit; but as it progresses it senses this Unity amidst the diversity and as it ascends still further, it sees its identity with the Supreme, ignoring the seeming separateness of the material sheaths in which it is encased and functions. In Dvaita, the Hindu lives the life as a Devotee, helps his brother-men and fellow-creatures as brothers partaking of the same One Life. In Visishtadvaita, he understands that he and his brother Jivas form as it were, the body of the Lord and though existing separately from Him, they live, move and have their being in Him, and therefore, what promotes the wellbeing of his fellow creatures promotes his wellbeing also; and what causes their misery is the cause of his misery also. In Advaita both he and all other Jivas are regarded as identical in essence with the One

Life and their Unity is more real than their Diversity. They must, as component parts of One, all stand or fall together ultimately. All the three systems lead, so far as the outer world is concerned to the same altruistic code of unselfish conduct and give a stable foundation for a life of love and sacrifice to the Individual. All the world's problems that confront a Hindu in this land of ours today can be correctly solved, if one follows in a rational and loyal manner any of these three systems appealing to him as the guiding rule of his life.

No ray of light
It is midnight
I am on the way
From an English play.

Hark — I hear,
It makes me fear;
A sound so harsh
Threats to settle my hash

O! what is there?
It lifts my hair;
To see a pure white
Ghost in such a night!

Ha! it gets near:
I — to die here?
Have mercy, O, God,
and save me, my lord!

Ha! I've a gun here,
with which I can fire;
At once at a shot,
Ah! it dies on the spot

My mind grew mild
Just like a child;
I fled to my friends,
And told of its end

Ere the sun did rise in the sky,
Sure all of us in speed did fly:
Can you guess what was the ghost?
It was but a railway post!

G. BALASUBRAHAMANYAN, IV, A.

A. R. H. S.

KIPLING AND KIPLINGISM.

BY

Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri.

Rudyard Kipling was born in India but was an Englishman to his bone. All the same the colour and the glamour of India passed into him with his first breath and came out in his wonderful style which has as its chief characteristics colourfulness and glamourousness. He became the poet and the novelist of imperialism because of his British heredity, but was the colourful literary artist because of the Indian environment of the early years of his life. He was born in India in 1865. His earliest literary productions appeared in the "Civil and Military Gazette" (1882—1887), and in the 'Pioneer' (1887-1889). It has been said well that "his mind is strongly imbued with a consciousness of the group-soul of the race to which he belongs." To him the far-flung British Empire is not a mere physical part or a historical accident but is an inevitable soul-force, nay, a divine dispensation. His *Barrack-room* Ballads, The Seven Seas etc., are often crude in sentiment and full of blustering moods and garish effects, have swing and go and power in a remarkable degree. But the finer strain in his nature which raises him from insularity to universality is seen in his admonition to his people to remember and obey the Lord and not to be lost in the contemplation of their little virtues. His famous gibe at the "flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goal" is well-known. Equally famous are the well-known stanzas in the *Recessional* and in the *Five Nations*.

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice—
The humble and the contrite heart
Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget".

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience-
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord".

Then the mind is cleared of cant following the famous advice of Carlyle; it will be recognised that the essence of British Imperialism is not in her victories in war, but in what the last stanza has colourfully depicted viz., law abiding ways, discipline, clearing of evil, driving the road, bridging the ford, assuring to each that he can reap what he sows and peace everywhere (Pax Britannica.) Kipling sees and makes us see that all this should be done as a way of serving the Lord. In the Recessional, he makes us realise that the Lord of Hosts is the Lord of all and that even the most victorious nation owes its victory to Him and it must beware of the sin of forgetfulness of God-which is the besetting sin of the victorious and which is the result of rampant egoism. Thus Kipling is no doubt clad in kaki but speaks with the voice of the Hebrew prophets of old.

It has been said that "Kipling is the poet of Empire, colonial expansion and commercial activity" and that "he is, therefore, almost wholly a poet to his contemporaries". As the British Empire is passing into the British Commonwealth and as we have in our day what Kipling had not in his formative period-the League of Nations—the more Jingoistic aspects of Kipling's work will fade away· But as I have shown above, new Kipling juts often into noble and universal realms of feeling and thought.

Kipling attained his position as a great man of letters more by his short stories and novels than by his poems. He is one of the greatest writers of colourful and picturesque short stories. He took fiction from the drawing rooms into the crowded

thoroughfares, the railway carriages, and the mess rooms. The chief charm of modern English is vivid and colourful and memorable phrasing and Kipling excelled therein. He excels also in the special English literary quality of combination of humour and pathos. It is perhaps a mere fancy of mine but I believe that Kipling became a great raconteur and story-teller because he was born in India, because India is the temple of the muse of Story-telling and India is the story-teller of the world. His *Jungle book* is an artistic descendant of the Hitopadesa and the Panchatantra, though it is undoubtedly a great and original literary creation. In *Kim* we have " the mystery, colour and crowded life of the East ".

Thus there is in Kipling, as in many other writers, a temporary glory as well as a permanent glory. The former will vanish like the multi-coloured stars in a pyrotechnic display but the latter will remain and shine for ever. Kipling the man is dead; Kiplingism is dying; but Kipling the artist will live for ever!

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurances of strength, there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

Character is power—is influence, it makes friends; creates funds; draws patronage and support; and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honour and happiness.

Thoroughly Great men are those who have done every thing thoroughly, and who have never, despised anything, however small, of God's making.

Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong.

KUPPU MAMA.

BY

Daya Sagar, II U. C.

Hallo! Do you know Kuppu Mama? If not, just allow me to introduce to you this ante-deluvian. If anybody gets the good fortune to visit our village, almost the first person to strike him would be Mr. Kuppuswami Ayyar, better known as 'Kuppu Mama.' With his mouth stuffed to the breaking point with betels and a head clean-shaven (but for a handful of tuft standing erect), my Mama is at once interesting and fascinating. The easiest way to make him out is to search out for the man with the oldest spectacles in the village. The glasses are made to sit at the very tip of his nose.

He belongs to an ancient family, but the only thing he has inherited is their longevity. There was nothing praise—worthy in his academic career. He was so often flogged as a dunce that, ere long, he became indifferent to punishment. Success at first attempt was a thing unknown to him. His hero was Robert Bruce!

After years of wearisome study, he succeeded in passing the old Matriculation Examination. Immediately he undertook to coach up three third—form students in English and Geography on a magnificent monthly salary of Rupees three. He did not, however, get his salary as the payment of the amount was conditioned on the success of the candidates. Abandoning this doubtful profession, our Mama joined the post of a bill-collector under the Panchayat Union. Though the job itself was irksome, he had the satisfaction of telling his grand-mother that he was a Collector. Kuppu Mama, however, was rather careless in monetary affairs He was suspended three times within a year. Kuppu Mama, anticipating his dismissal, had however, the wisdom to resign. He then joined the local Elementary school as a Drawing Master. His pictures were appreciated only by himself and his grandmother

who was half-blind. It took years for the students to realise what exactly a particular picture was. The urchins began to laugh at him in the class. They adopted the various methods, that boys alone know, of getting rid of the teacher. In sheer disgust Kuppu Mama gave up this job.

By this time he had skipped over the rope of teens. Our Kuppu therefore, married Suppu, a young girl and soon an offspring, Appu by name, was ushered into life. Suppu's demands on Kuppu's purses increased at a geometrical ratio and so an employment on a decent remuneration became inevitable for Kuppu. He at last thought that the only profession that could suit him was that of a Purohit.

He took one fine morning his coats, shirts and other stiff garments and threw them into the river. He began to talk about the ancient glory of India and enrolled himself as a member of the local Sanatana Dharma Society. He made it a point to visit every marriage house and before long succeeded in making twenty to thirty rupees a month. The temptation to proceed further in this profession became irresistable to our Mama. Very soon he also specialised in Brahmanartham. So much so, today the Mama has got cloths which would defy competition with any decent cloth shop in the metropolis. He has also physically grown strong and hopes to defy his ancestors in longevity. Dear Reader, has not our Kuppu solved the problem of unemployment in a way? Long live Suppu and Appu!

Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things but by making small things great under its influence.

Natural science is a subject which a man cannot learn by paying for teachers. He must teach it himself, by patient observation, by patient commonsense. And if the poor man is not the rich man's equal in those qualities, it must be his own fault, not his purse's.

IN DEFENCE OF ETHIOPIA

BY

K. S. Venkatraman, II U. C.

"Black is black and white is white and Mussolini is right" is in a way the judgment of the League of the Nations on the Ethiopian Question. When Ethiopia was half swallowed, the League decided to find out the aggressor: when it was completely swallowed the League was generous enough to decide that Italy was the aggressor. (Thank God, it didn't make a mistake there). When Ethiopia was on the throes of death, sanctions were passed against Italy. With what end in view? With the aim of resisting Italy from going to war with Ethiopia. This frail action of the League was severely condemned by all schools of thought. Newspapers came out with the flaring and bold headline " The League is Dead ". Sgr. Madariga could not any longer bear these silly criticisms about the League's policy. He stepped into defend the position of the League with the same earnestness and quickness with which the League defended Ethiopia.

The vehement criticisms about the British policy in this dispute reached the rank and file of the Downing Street Officialdom. Britain came out with a policy of intensifying the sanctions against Italy, but France with her proverbial selfishness refused to support such a policy. Even the weak sanctions levelled against Italy had some remarkable economic effects. It greatly pinched the Duce who threatened the League with resignation if the sanctions were not removed. The League was on the horns of a dilemma and there was a lull at Geneva. But surprisingly enough Briton made a summersault and no wonder France followed suit. Briton now agitated for the removal of the sanctions against Italy. Her tall-talking Parliamentary and public men staged an oration at the House of Commons where the Minister for foreign affairs strongly and eloquently defended the Government's policy to remove the sanctions. These political-weathercocks gave a semblance of

Logic to their argument by saying that the war had come to a close and that the sanctions were of no use. Whether the sanctions were useful, or not, will clearly be seen by the continued agitation of the Duce to remove them. The British summersault and the French support gave Mussolini a strong position and he now wants the League not only to remove the sanctions, but also to apologise for having called Italy the aggressor. The League has decided to remove the sanctions, they might even apologise for having declared Italy the aggressor. The League hopes to argue with the Duce to do justice for Ethiopia ; and for the co-operation of Italy, the League wants to remove the sanctions imposed on her. The League probably has forgotten the fiery words of the Duce on the day when *ADDIS ABBABA* fell into the hands of the ravening wolves. "Italy will keep Ethiopia with the same sword with which she won it". In spite of this arrogant speech, the League sues for the co-operation of Italy in order to do justice for Ethiopia. Emperor Haile Sellassie of Ethiopia also rests his beliefs on the League; he does not know that these tall talks at the Council halls will lose their value in the sands of inaction.

"Until philosophers are kings,
Or the kings and princes of the world,
Have the power and spirit of philosophy,
And all common natures are compelled to stand aside
And political wisdom and greatness blend in one
Cities will never rest from evil
No, nor the human race".

PURANDHAR DAS

BY

P. P. Pichayya, VI A. (A. R. H. S.)

It may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Madura College Magazine that we should take the opportunity of presenting them with a brief sketch of the life of one of the greatest philosophers, who knew the pleasures and pains of the world, and who has left behind him, his teaching in the form of songs.

In the village of Purandharageda near Poona, flourished a Smartha Brahmna Thimmappa by name. Though rich as Kubera himself., Thimmappa would not spend even a single pie.

One early morning, Thimmappa went to the river Bhima and selected a lonely place for his bath, so that he might not spend money as Dakshinas to Brahmins. Shri Lakshmi Narayana wishing to test the miser, took the form of an old man, and as soon as Thimmappa finished his bath, he blessed him and requested him to give him some Dakshina. At this, Thimmappa got angry and went home.

Some days after Shri Lakshmi Narayana, in the form of an old-man having Brahma for His son, came to Thimmappa's shop and having blessed him, begged him to give Him Rs. 1000 for His son's thread-ceremony (Upanayanam). Thimmappa refused to give any money to the old man. Afterwards, Shri Lakshmi Narayana, going to Thimmappa's house, begged of his wife. She was chaste, generous, good and might be compared to Sita or Damayanthi. As was natural with one of her temper, she gave away one of her jewels to the old-man. The old-man took it, and in the guise of a soldier went to Thimmappa's shop to sell it. The soldier showed the jewel to Thimmappa and asked him to give Rs. 1000 for it. The miser, suspecting that it belonged to his wife, took it and kept it in a box which he sealed carefully. Thimmappa having asked the

soldier to come later, went home and calling his wife, asked her to show him the jewel, since she had it not on her person. She was greatly afraid, and did not know what to do. Telling him that she would bring it, she went into the kitchen and called out to God to save her, and finding it useless, she resolved to take poison—when lo ! she saw her jewel at the bottom of the cup. She then placed the jewel on her person and stood before her lord. Thimmappa took the jewel to his shop. He examined the doors of the shop and found them fast. Then he opened the box which contained the jewel given by the soldier. Strange to say, he did not find it in his box. Going home, Thimmappa inquired about everything, and came to know that it was God's Maya. Then came the turning point in his life.

He saw that it was useless to live in this world without spending a part of his life spiritually. He distributed all his wealth among Brahmins. Then he quitted home, dressing himself as a Sanyasi. He arrived at the sacred Pampakshetra in the district of Bellary. Here. he found his Guru, the great Vyasaraya Swami, who was dispelling the clouds of ignorance of all men by his teachings. Thimmappa, was initiated into all the mysteries of knowledge, and was converted by the Guru to the Madhva faith. Under his Guru, he mastered all the Shastras and became a yogi. Taking leave of his Guru, he travelled all over India and finally settled himself at Pandharpur on the banks of the Bhima. It is there he sang his 4,80,000 songs, in 32 ragams in praise of God, and dedicated them all to his Guru. He is known to us as Purandhara Dasa. We have not got all his songs. But there is not a single Madhva house that does not know the few songs that remain. They are simple and easily understood by all Kanarese-knowing people. All his songs are composed in sweet words and they inspire into us deep devotion. They make us pious, good and God-fearing.

NOTES

College:

Revised Syllabuses.

The University has recently revised the syllabuses for the Intermediate and B. A. degree examinations. The main change in the Intermediate course is that all papers of parts I and II will be of three hours duration and will carry a maximum of 100 marks. In part III, however, papers in Histories and Logic will be of 2½ hours, in Mathematics and Sciences of two hours as before while, the language papers will conform to those of part II with 100 marks maximum and a duration of 3 hours.

In the B. A. course, changes are confined to the optional subjects only The calculus paper will be set on the basis of a slightly increased syllabus. The added portions are (a) solution of linear differential equations of the first order and (b) the solution of linear differential equations of the second order with constant co-efficients, whose second member is either an exponential or a sine or a cosine function.

The study of European History has been made more intensive over a shorter period, dating from 1500 to 1918. The earlier portions will be treated as introductory matter, a brief account only being required of the various forces like the Church, Feudalism etc., which played a part in creating Europe of the Middle Ages. A similar modification has been made in the syllabus for English Constitutional History by restricting the portion to the growth of the constitution from 1485 to 1911. The Politics syllabus has been made more specific and detailed and a definite grouping of the subject matter adopted. Owing to fresh discoveries relating to ancient Indian History, a few more topics have been added to the old syllabus.

University Examination Results

Our results this year were quite satisfactory, although we cannot but admit that they could have been better. Com-

pared to the other colleges in the Presidency, we stand far above the average. We take this opportunity to congratulate all those who came out successful in the recent University Examinations and particularly the following:—

Intermediate: First Class.

1. Meenakshisundaram, M. N.
2. Sankaran, R.
3. Sankaran, K. S.
4. Srinivasan, V.
5. Srinivasa Rao, A.
6. Venkatasubramanian, V.
7. K. S. Ganapathy.

B. A. Degree (Pass)

		Part I	Part II	Part III
Gopalakrishnan, M. S.	Class.	II	II	I*
Venkateswaran, S.		III	III	II
Viswanathan, S.		III	III	I§
Nataraj, H.		II	II	II
Sivalingam, A.		III	II	III

* sixth rank in the Presidency.

§ Second rank in the Presidency.

College Union.

The Inaugural Address of our College Union was delivered by Swami Dharmathirtha on 29—6—1936. In the course of his address, the Swamiji explained clearly the various problems that faced the young men today and showed how they had been solved in different countries. He wanted the youths to be courageous, independent and sincere in their outlook on life. He particularly deprecated the habit of young men falling a prey to cheap shibboleths and high-sounding phrases.

On 8—7—36 Swami Tripurananda Bharati spoke on the "Nature of Consciousness" in the Union Hall. The subject though abstruse was dealt with in a simple and clear manner.

On 17-7-36 Prof. R. L. Aiyar, expert in Physical culture addressed the students in Tamil in the College Hall at 4-30 p.m. There was a large gathering.

The Principal presided on all these occasions.

The Union hopes to have a busy time under the Vice-Presidentship of Mr. B. S. Dandapani.

Sethupathi High School

Appointments & Transfers :

The school reopened after Summer Holidays on the 15th June and in about a fortnight certain changes and additions were effected in the staff.

M. R. Ry. P. S. Sankarier Avl., B.A., L.T., came to be the Head Master of this institution in the place of M. R. Ry., R. A. Sankaranarayana Aiyar Avl., M. A., L. T., since transferred to the A. R. High School.

Mr. S. Subrahmania Aiyar M. A., Mathematics Assitant, left for L. T. Training and his place was filled in by Mr. S Viswanathier, B. A., an old student of S. H. S. & graduate of the Madura College.

Messrs. V. S. Krishnier and S. P. Sesha Aiyar, teachers of A. R. H. S, III Branch have been taken on the lower secondary staff of this institution.

Mr. K. R. Subramaniam of the Primary section was transferred to the 1st branch A. R. H. School and he was succeeded by Mr. Gopala Rao from the 1st Branch.

School Activities.

Now that it is a month since the school has reopened the activities of the school are all in full swing. The play ground is once again brimming with life, the Library and Reading Room have, as usual, become the favourite haunts of students, and the boy-scouts true to their watch-word "Be Prepared," are up and doing already. The various School associations are to

commence their functions soon and before another week passes the school will be a glow with enthusiasm born of its many sided activities.

Examination Results :

Last year's results in the public examination are to be deemed encouraging in consideration of the strict standard prescribed by the S. S. L. C. Board, and it is believed that the increase in admissions this year is largely due to this circumstance. The highest marks obtained in some of the subjects in the public examination last year and the names of students who secured them are given here under.

A Group History & Geography	...	A. Venkateasan 63%
,, Elementary Science	...	R. Swaminathan 72%
C. Group Chemistry	...	R. Swaminathan 82%
A. Group Elementary Mathematics	...	A. Venkatesan 86 %

IV Our Hope

In other subjects also the marks secured are more than 50 %

Indeed there is yet scope for improvement. But it is hoped that with the strenuous efforts of the staff and the Management on the one hand and the ready and unstinted co-operation of parents and students on the other, the school will rise in its popularity further, and will soon grow in its usefulness to the kind public which patronises it.

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HOW THE MOVEMENT GOES

The High Schools opened after summer recess on the 15th June 1936 and the College on the 18th. We are on the threshold of the second year of our career after the re-organisation and we are beginning the new academical year with high hopes, ardent enthusiasm and increased energy to raise our College and the other institutions under the Madura College Board to the levels where the ideals we have thought and dreamed would descend down from the plane of ideas into the practical world of action in which we live, move and actually carry on our physical activities and be transformed into visible results and achievements,—action and achievement is the ultimate test of the power of thought. Thought without corresponding action betrays weakness, becomes a canker and ends in visionary faint-heartedness.

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We extend a warm welcome to the new members of our College staff. Mr. B. S. Dandapani M. A., has become a permanent member of the staff as Lecturer in English. He has made a mark during the year he has been with us. Mr. T.G. Narayanan, M. A , L. T., is a new acquisition with high promise and as another lecturer in English, would, we hope, impart added strength to our English Department. Mr. K. Rengaswami comes to us with flattering credentials having made his mark in his special sphere of High Mathematics and would we hope bring added prestige to our Mathemetic's Department which has distinguished itself this year by '' Two First Classes ". Mr. S. Jagannathan, B. A. (Hons). in Mathematics who has also joined us as additional Lecturer in Mathematics besides being a first class has enriched his scholastic career by a long association with the educational side of the Ramakrishna Mission and we hope he will contribute that flavour of disciplined fervour which that mission as moulded and shaped by leading disciple of Sri Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda, can well be expected to contribute as an element of value to modern Hindu Culture. Mr.

S. V. Venkatachala Ayyer, B. A. (Hons), joins us as an earnest teacher of Science having an experience of 18 years and we hope as a Lecturer of Chemistry he will bring credit to our college.

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The new college buildings are progressing apace. When they are completed it is hoped that they would be a noteworthy addition to the City of Madura both architecturally and structurally. We are not satisfied with merely the completion of these buildings which are estimated to cost about Rs. 95,000. A college to fulfil its purpose must have accommodation for residential purposes of the staff and also must have a suitable hostel for its pupils in its grounds. We are making a beginning in this direction by having a fine building ready to serve as the residence of the Principal with the appropriate name of "Gurukula". Although the present College hostel building would be at a distance of a few furlongs from the new college grounds, we hope, ere long, to have a fine hostel erected therein so that the college premises may be self-contained in this important particular.

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We are awaiting the recognition of our new Institute of Commerce by the Educational Department which is the natural development of the technical classes maintained for many years by the Madura College Board in the premises of the old college buildings. Instead of confining the instruction as given hitherto, to shorthand and typewriting, there will be classes held for Banking, Book-keeping, Theory and Practice of Commerce and Commercial Geography also. We hope that this Institute of Commerce will be much appreciated paving the way as it does for a future College of commerce as Madura City progresses as an industrial and commercial centre and as new needs arise on the lines of such progress for due fulfilment. This will, to some extent, serve to extend the facilities for vocational

education especially for those youths whose means or capacities would not enable them to avail themselves of University Education.

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The Hindu Community has not provided sufficient facilities for the education of girls beyond the elementary school standards. For example, there is Sri Meenakshi Vidyasala Elementary School for girls teaching up to III form. But Girls' education is *rapidly being recognised as no less important than that of boys*. Rather there is far greater risk in neglecting the education of girls on sound lines. For, in modern days, where traditions are loosening, and city life is spreading, all the old factors which were contributed by tradition, and home life for training our girls to develop into gentle, strong, self-sacrificing and loving women and mothers need now to be contributed in a large measure by education. Yet the Hindu Society is indifferent to this vital need. The Setupati High School is to be congratulated on opening a new section of IV form in which girl pupils also are admitted.

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Again we should appeal to our sympathisers and well-wishers to contribute liberally to the finances of the Madura College and the several institutions under the Madura College Board. Various improvements and developments are in contemplation. They can be accomplished only if there be funds forthcoming. Hostel, Laboratory, additional accommodation for all our college classes, as the new college buildings were originally designed only for the needs of a second grade college, opening of new branches of study for the B. A. classes, the erection of staff quarters, the extension of accommodation in the Setupati High School and the rest, are all crying urgent needs which can only be satisfied with the liberal financial help from the public. Yet the Hindu Community continues to think and act not as one whole but in watertight divisions, castes and

communities, sects and creeds. Such narrow sectional understanding is an anachronism in modern times and cannot tend to promote the weal of the whole. It behoves the thinking section to give a new orientation to the generous and the philanthropic impulses amongst us which no doubt exist and manifest themselves and divert them to the vital needs of the community of which education is the most important from timeworn channels which are not so useful as they might have been once in some period of our racial and cultural history.

According to the programme of work for the new College buildings which is being carried out, the terrace should be finished before the end of this month and the whole buildings completed before the 15th August 1936.

GENERAL INDEX TO VOL. 5

Contributor	Title	Page
	A	
A young man's prayer		xvii
	B	
Balasubramanian, M. S.	கல்வி	39
B. S. G.	The lady burgler	114
	C	
Chandrasekharan, K. R.	The secretary that convened a single meeting	21
	D	
Dandapani, B. S.	The Idealist's wife	197
Dandapani Sarma, B. S.	Ibsen and his message	152
	E	
Editorial (See also On the Temple Tower)	(August 1935)	
,,	An appeal	5
,,	Glory of Madura.	2
,,	Our Donor	1
,,	School and College magazines	9
,,	University education	6
,,	Whither secondary education	8
Editor's Ifs.		121
Emmessgee	Call it what you will	32
	G	
Ganapathy, K. S.	If I were an editor	195
,,	Makers of modern industry	
	1. Henry Ford	104
	2. Thomas Alva Edison	132

Contributor	Title	Page
Ganapathi, K. S.	The meaning and value of prayer	11
G. L. M.	An up-to-date dictionery for India.	37
Gopalan, R.	தன் முயற்சி	159
Great Days in August	(August 1935)	
G. S.	In defence of walking	74
Guruswami, K.	The uses of libraries	31

H

How the Movement Goes? vii, xviii, xxiv, xxxi, xxxx, xxxxvii, xxxxxiv.

Humility 137

I

Ibrahimsa. K.	மாணவர்கள், பண்டும் இன்றும்	138

J

Jayaraman, V.	ஈகை	190

K

Krishnaswami, S.	Crossed the floor	181
	My expereince—a poem	36
Krishnaswami Ayyar, Rao Sahib C. V.	Rectorial Address	Special supplement to jan. 36

L

Laughter for a shield (Aug. 1935)

M

Mahadevan, P.	In Memoriam His Majesty George V.	109
Mahalinga Sastry, Y.	History from an Oriental perspective	77

Contributor	Title	Page
Mahalinga Sastry, Y.	Saraswathi Pooja	128
,,	Sri Harsha as a dramatist	178
Meenakshisundaram, S.	Photography—A hobby	57
Menon, A. S.	The Lord's prayer (August 35)	
Mohamed Khan, A.	Meer Thakhi Meer,	203
Mohamed Shah, S.	Umar Bin Abdul Azeez the Good	82

N

Contributor	Title	Page
Narasimhan, N.	Blue pencil soldiers	55
Narayana Aiyar, R. A.	Old Boy's page	118
Narayanan, P. R.	My upper cloth	176
,,	Our Tennis Court Magazine	215
Notes	A. R. H. School	62, 95, 120, 228
,,	Madura College	59, 94, 149, 161, 191, 225
,,	Setupati High School	63, 96, 119, 150, 167
,,		

O

Contributor	Title	Page
Old Boy	My farwell to Madura College (a poem)	98
Old Boy's page		118
Omar Khayam	(Selection from)	98
On the Temple Tower (see also Editorial)		xiii, xx, xxvii, xxxv, xxxxiii, xxxxx

P

Contributor	Title	Page
Pushpavanam, R.	The spider girl	214

Q

Contributor	Title	Page
Questions and Answers		46, 90, 110, 135, 183, 217

Contributor	Title	Page
	R	
Rajagopalan, S,	The Chola democracy	108
Ramachandran, V.	Our Treasure	158
Ramakrishnan, S.	The place of biography in the teaching of science	210
Ramasubbu, R.	திருவருட் டமிழ் மொழி	142
Ramaswami Aiyangar, S. R.	The late Mr. S. Ananta-padmanabha Aiyar	101
Ramaswami Aiyar, M. S.	A message	i
,,	A philosophical query	187
,,	Some problems of Hindu society requiring speedy solution	205
Ramaswami Sastry, K. S.	New values in Indian education	52
,,	The happiness of science and the science of happiness	154
Ranganathan, S. R.	Are books your real friends?	159
Rangaswami Aiyar, A.	Ancient Hindu Universities	
	1. Nalanda	16
	2. Vikramasila	70
	3. Valabhi	99
	4. Takshasila	122
,,	In Memoriam (Hs Majesty George V)	168
Reviews		
	Kamala lectures: Evolution of Hindu moral ideals by Sir P. S. Sivaswami Ayyar	218
,,	Srimad Appaya Dikshitendra Vijaya—by Pandit K. V. Subramanya Sastri	145

Contributor	Title	Page
S		
Sarma, G. C.	A. E. (In memoriam)	66
,,	(In memoriam)-a poem (His Majesty George V)	170
,,	The Congress Golden Jubilee 28th Dec. 1935 — a poem	124
,,	To Goddess Saraswathi — a poem	97
Sorgee	The historical value of the puranas	209
Srikantan, K. S.	Economic myopia	171
Srinivasan, V.	Rabindranath Tagore	50
Srinivasan, V. G.	The late Mr. V. G. Suryanarayana Sastriar, B. A.	188
Srinivasa Rao, A.	The meaning and value of prayer	13
Subbuseshan, V.	In Memoriam (His Majesty George V)	170
Subrahmanya Sastri, K. V.	A Benediction	120
Subramanian, K.	Character	126
Subramania Aiyar Dr. Sir S.	Editorial—on (Aug. 1935)	
Sundaresan, V.	Diamond	84
	Science Corner	116
Swaminathan, T. V.	If I were an editor	196
,,	The meaning and value of prayer	15
T		
Tagore, Rabindranath	Morning song of India	Special
Thiruvengadham, S.	If I were an editor	196
Temple Tower (see On The Temple Tower)		supplement to March 1936.
Tournaments 1935—1936		230

Contributor	Title	Page
	V	
Venkataraman, S.	Science Corner	42
Venkataraman, K. S.	Reflections on our opening day	87
Venkataraman, S. N.	Touching the untouchable	213

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